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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The One Who Wins.

The one who wins in this game called Life is the one who conquers care and strife; The one who thinks; the one who acts; Who's laid a foundation of cold hard facts.

The one who wins don't sit and dream, But stems the tide of the turbulent stream. And silently covers his burden of cares With the steady smile that he always wears.

The one who wins don't fear the rain— He knows the sun will shine again. He never gives up, nor tries to shirk, But knuckles down to his share of work.

The one who wins neither hails nor moans, Though the way be rough and full of stones; He sets his face towards the rising sun And works by his light till his task is done.

The one who wins is he who does climb Up step by step the stairs of Time; Who gladly works at his daily toil And does not fear his hands to soil. The one who wins, you'll find it true, Isn't out for something soft to do; He welcomes the reek of honest sweat, And he gets there every time—you bet!

—George Milton Kennedy

True to Himself.

"Young Mentor can best be spared" was the statement accidentally overheard by Conrad Mentor that made the young fellow stop stockstill behind the thin office partition where he had hung his overcoat and hat for want of a better place during alterations. He could not have been more painfully surprised if the remark had been a whip lash.

"Then let it be Mentor," boomed the chief's deep voice, which had lately taken on a distinct note of anxiety, due to the business troubles that had forced his firm to make all kinds of retrenchments to reduce expenses.

The office door opened and closed and the chief's heavy footsteps retreated in the direction of the elevator, and after a moment of half stunned dismay Conrad donned coat and hat and went out to lunch at the humble little place whose prices suited his very limited means. He was busy trying to adjust his thoughts to the shock of what he had overheard, which he could hardly reconcile with the fact that he had been chosen; only half an hour before, to look after the duties of a salesman who had just phoned that an accident had laid him up for the day. He had a list of eight business addresses in his memorandum, to be visited that afternoon, in the salesman's place.

So he was to be discharged because he could best be spared from the hard-worked office force, the youngest and least valuable worker, probably. That was to be his reward for doing his utmost to help the office through a difficult period of adjustments and retrenchments, by working overtime on occasions of rush orders, by discharging every little duty as faithfully as possible, by arriving a little earlier in the morning than the other clerks, and steadfastly refraining from watching the clock and slighting his work at odd moments to take part in conversation that invariably broke out among the minor clerks when the manager absented himself for any length of time.

John Burroughs, who had just seated himself at one of the little lunch tables when Conrad entered the restaurant, saw the latter immediately beckon him to a place opposite him. Joe had been Conrad's desk-mate at the place where he had secured his first employment as an office boy, and they had kept up their friendly acquaintance by informally dropping in upon each other now and then and lunching together, whenever Joe's duties took him within easy distance of that particular restaurant.

"You look as blue as an indigo bag," commented Joe with a cheerful grin.

"Too much work and no play doesn't agree with you. You haven't had any fun lately, have you, Conrad?"

"No," answered Conrad frankly, "but that isn't what makes me blue today. I've as good as lost my job—through no fault of mine, but just because I happen to be the one that can best be spared from the office—because I'm the youngest one there, probably. I do think it's a shabby way to acknowledge my best efforts, though."

"I told you you wouldn't get any thanks for slaving the way you've done since your firm made that big mistake thru the old partner's bad

investment—which was none of your business and therefore didn't call for extra pains on your behalf," said Joe in a very different voice. "It's a bad time to be thrown out of work just now too, but there's no use wallowing about it, so cheer up and make the best of things. I'll ask my boss to keep you in mind for anything that may turn up. Order a good lunch now; don't let this knock spoil your appetite," he added in a voice of gruff sympathy.

"I thought the place was not only permanent, but good for future advancement," Conrad observed solemnly, as he half-heartedly buttered a bit of bread to eat with his baked beans. "Then, only an hour ago I was given a task that looked to me as if my efforts had been noticed and appreciated, for any of the other fellows would have jumped at the chance of substituting a salesman's place if only for an afternoon."

"You just happened to know the ropes best—that's all," Joe assured his companion, "and therefore you're expected to cover the most ground; in other words, to do the most work. I'll bet you've got a whole day's work for the afternoon, haven't you?"

Conrad explained the nature of his prospective substituting task, which certainly did not allow for any lagging, for there was a great deal of ground to cover in order to visit the eight addresses and deliver and receive orders. "I thought so," Joe nodded knowingly. "A full day's work for the salesman has been put on you for a single afternoon. But you needn't be goose enough to break your neck for the firm now that they've turned you down so shabbily. I'll tell you what, Conrad. I've got a couple of hours to spare this afternoon, and I'll take you across town to see a young chap who has just started in a good business and who may want just your kind of help; I'm pretty sure he hasn't got things in good running order yet. He's out of town two days a week, getting contracts, but today we'll be sure to find him in."

"But I shan't have much time, much as I'd like to look for a good place right off," Conrad objected. "It's awfully good of you to take such an interest—"

Joe waved away his friend's expressions of appreciation with good natured abruptness. "Of course you have time," he contradicted flatly, "for you're surely not going to be fool enough to fill all those orders as a special favor for a firm that has given you the sack—behind your back at that. They could at least have told you that the place might not be permanent, and then you wouldn't have strained every energy to qualify for future promotion. Look out for your own interests now. Come with me to the office I spoke of, and after that call at as many of your addresses as you conveniently can, and leave the rest. You can tell the manager that you couldn't get around to them all, and he can't prove anything to the contrary. You needn't care if he gets mad now that you're practically fired."

The temptation to follow Joe's logic was strong, for Conrad himself felt that he had been treated unfairly and was almost able to persuade himself that he was no longer bound to do his utmost for an unappreciative employer. Besides, he could not afford to be long without a position nor risk a too poor-paying one. But before he had quite made up his mind to slight his duty, there flashed across his troubled mind the brief line message given out by that day's calendar leaf which he had read the first thing in the morning: "This above all things; to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." It was an old message, yet it had left its impression anew today.

"Well, Joe," said Conrad after a few moments' silence, "it is true that I don't feel toward my employer as I did this morning before I discovered that he intends to discharge me, but it is still up to me to do my duty, you know."

"I don't see it that way at all, since your employer treated you unfairly," Joe spoke up quickly, "for that lets you out of any great obligation toward him."

"But it doesn't lessen my obli-

gation to be true to my principles. So long as I say in the firm's employ I am bound to give them the best I can—just to pay my duty debt to myself."

Joe shrugged his broad shoulders. If everybody lived up to the principle they most admire, there'd be some use of putting those high precepts into practice," he admitted carelessly; "but what's the use of missing anything for the sake of principle these days when everybody is looking out for his own interests first and last, and you're sure to get left in the long run if you don't follow the crowd?"

"Still, even if one misses some things by sticking to his principles he gains more than he loses by being true to himself. Don't you think so?" asked Conrad a little embarrassedly because it came hard to talk of such things to light-hearted, careless Joe.

Joe did not answer that question. "I see that you're not going to follow my advice," he said immediately, "so I won't urge you. All I've got to say about the whole matter is that your devotion to principle is thrown away on your present boss. I hope you'll soon get a position where your work and faithfulness will be appreciated. If I can help you in any way just let me know, will you? I'll be going, then, as you're not coming with me. So long, and good luck to you this afternoon in your substituting job."

With a good-bye nod Joe rose and went his way, and Conrad finished his meal in thoughtful silence. Mindful, however, of the business before him, he did not linger over his meal, but soon hurried away. By planning carefully he was able to take just the right cars to shorten the distance between the listed addresses as much as possible, so that he contrived to reach the last office just before business closed for the day, after which he telephoned his own office that things were all right so far as the injured salesman's engagements and orders were concerned.

The rest of that week was busier than ever for Conrad; the adjustment process was nearing the end and the firm members wanted to make a fresh start on the first of the approaching month, when a new partner was to take hold of the business in the place of the oldest member, who had recently retired. Conrad stayed a little over-time every day, because it was simply impossible for him to finish his day's stint carefully by the usual quitting-time. Saturday quitting-time came and he went to the office for his pay-envelope as usual, fully prepared for the announcement that his services would not be needed after the first of the month, and almost reconciled to the unwelcome announcement by that time, though his regret was no less than it had been at first. He was not disappointed in being asked by the manager to wait in the private office for a few minutes as he had something to say to him, so he entered the little inner room where the chief sat looking over a formidable list of business reports, wondering why he had been asked to wait for so simple a matter as a discharge.

"Oh is that you, Mentor?" exclaimed the chief the moment he became aware of Conrad's presence. He swung around in his revolving chair with an air of pleased decision as if he had something especially agreeable to announce.

"We have decided to send you to the Bayonne Office to help the new manager," he told Conrad without preamble. "It is a responsible position for one so young as you, but we think you can fill the requirements acceptably once you get the swing of the work. You are the only competent worker on our force who can be spared from the home office."

Conrad's surprise was so great that the chief mistook it for dismay at the unexpected change. "Why the change is in the nature of a promotion," he exclaimed a trifle sharply. "What's the reason you don't like it?"

"Oh, I do like it, Mr. Avery," Conrad blurted with a rush of grateful emotions, "but it's so awfully surprising after what I expected. You see, I overheard what the manager said about my being the worker that could best be spared, and I

thought, of course that meant that I was soon to be discharged."

"Oh, you did, eh?" The chief regarded Conrad silently for a thoughtful moment or so. "And still you worked harder than any of the rest during the past week, in spite of expecting your discharge. Why did you do that? You were not under special obligations to the firm, were you?"

"No, sir. I simply did what looked to me like my personal duty," was Conrad's quiet answer.

"So! Well, I see now that the manager was right, though I confess I rather doubted the wisdom of his choice at first, but consented to give you a trial in the Bayonne office because I could not lay hands on a better man just then. Let me tell you this much, Conrad Mentor. There's room at the top of our business—of every honestly conducted business in the world—for young men with your kind of principles," concluded the chief with friendly emphasis.

Marquis de Lafayette.

Liberty will ultimately be established in the old as well as in the new world; and then the history of our revolutions will put all things, and all persons, in their proper places."

These were the prophetic words of that noblest of "American-Frenchmen," the gallant Marquis de Lafayette, who was a defender of liberty on both sides of the ocean.

One hundred and forty years ago, Lafayette (then less than twenty years old) sailed boldly from France, landed safely in South Carolina, rode nine hundred miles on horseback to Philadelphia, and offered his services to the Continental Congress.

The colonies were too poor to provide a ship for his party. So he had said: "I will purchase one myself." Which he did, naming it the *Victory*.

As he set sail, he wrote to his young wife: "From love to me, he come a good American. The welfare of America is closely bound up with the welfare of mankind. I offer my service to her from motives of the purest kind, unmixed with ambition or private views."

Because of his singleness of purpose and zeal, the American Congress conferred upon him the highest rank known in the American army, that of major-general.

Lafayette became one of Washington's ablest generals, as well as his bosom friend for life. There were twenty-five years of difference between their ages. But their friendship and comradeship were based upon a similarity of tastes, habits, and opinions, such as exist between great patriots of every land and clime. And Washington once declared: "I love him as truly as if he were my own son."

It is related that when Washington expressed to Lafayette his embarrassment in exhibiting his untrained, poorly-clad army, before a European officer like himself, Lafayette modestly replied: "I have come here to learn, and not to teach."

He was wounded in the battle of the Brandywine; and because of his gallantry and ability was made commander in chief of the northern division. He later did splendid service in the battle of Monmouth; and in every event he proved himself "wise in council, gallant in the field, and patient under the hardships of war."

Lafayette became the connecting link between the United States and his native land, and on his visit to France for a brief period, to procure aid for America, was received with royal honors. Returning to America in 1780, he was carried in a triumphal civic procession up Beacon Hill in Boston, and cheered the struggling people by the help which he brought.

He took part in the operations in Virginia; protected Albemarle; rescued Wayne; and acted a most conspicuous and gallant part in the closing and decisive battle of the American Revolution—the siege of Yorktown.

There were Count Rochambeau and many other brave Frenchmen who followed Lafayette and did much for American liberty. But it was Lafayette of whom John Quincy Adams said:

"The sacrifices of no other man were comparable to his. Youth, health, fortune; the favor of his King; the enjoyment of ease and pleasure; even the choicest blessings of domestic felicity—he gave them all for toil and danger in a distant land and an almost hopeless cause; but it was the cause of justice and of the rights of human-kind."

In 1784 Lafayette again visited this country and was received with high tokens of affection and respect—the welcome accorded by the heart of a nation to one of its deliverers. He visited all the Atlantic coast states and principal cities, nearly all of which bestowed upon him and his descendants the rights of citizenship.

Forty years later, when nearly seventy years of age, the great French patriot again visited the United States. He spent fourteen months in a triumphal tour of the great Republic which he had helped to create. The thirteen original states had become twenty-four. Three millions of people had become twelve millions. The young nation had vastly increased in power and happiness under the sunshine of the freedom which he had helped it to gain. He visited President Monroe at the White House, and Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown, N. J.; helped to celebrate the anniversaries of the battles of Bunker Hill, and of Yorktown; took part in the laying of the cornerstone of the monument to Baron DeKalb (who came with him in 1777 to offer his services to the American states) and that of Bunker Hill; visited the battlefields of Saratoga, Germantown, Barren Hill, Monmouth, Brandywine; and participated in a continuous succession of brilliant parades, triumphal processions, fetes, and receptions. Everywhere he met with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of regard.

The French Commission of 1917, headed by the distinguished French Field Marshal Joffre, well understood our feelings toward that noble Frenchman, who nearly a century ago knelt at the tomb and reverently kissed the casket containing the remains of our beloved Washington at Mount Vernon!

The loving sympathy and regard of the American Republic followed the noble Lafayette during the two years of his exile from France, during the troubled times of the French Revolution, and to his grave when he died in 1834 at the age of 76.

His was the type of character which lives in the annals of the world and in the veneration of posterity, when kings are no more regarded than the dust to which all must return. His birthday anniversary occurs on September 6th.—J. A. Stewart, in *The Living Church*.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.
Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.
Rev. G. H. Heffron, Priest-in-Charge.
Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.
Boston—St. Andrew's Silent Mission, Trinity Parish House, Copley Square. Every Sunday of the month, at 11:00 A.M.

Diocese of Maryland.
Rev. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.
SERVICES.
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Epiphany—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

LOS ANGELES.

Cupid seems to have struck his stride in our city, for two more young people have fallen before his darts.

Frank K. Herrig and Miss Olive E. Haworth were married February 5th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isom Haworth, the Rev. Clarence E. Webb officiating. The wedding was a quiet one, only a few close friends of the contracting parties being present. Following the ceremony, the happy couple left on a honeymoon trip of ten days, the destination being kept a secret.

Miss Edna Vandegrift, the new President of the Literary Auxiliary, is proving her fitness for the responsible position by preparing very attractive programs for the Club meetings. In keeping with the times, February 9th, was observed as Lincoln Day, with the following:

Dinner—Mrs. Omar L. Smith.
"Memories of Lincoln,"—Ulysses M. Cool, Miss Katherine Nell, Mrs. Chas. Hammond, August E. Schmitz.
"Abraham Lincoln, the True Brother Man,"—Mrs. Ulysses M. Cool.
Story, "Pardoned by Lincoln,"—Mrs. E. M. Price.
Washington's Birthday is to be observed February 23d, when the following program will be given:—
Poem, "Washington and His Hatchet"—Miss Ella Roy.
Brief Story of Washington's Life—Russell P. Handley.
Poem, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!"—Mrs. Clarence H. Doane.
"What Lafayette Did for this Country"—William Howe Phelps.
Poem, "Let the Eagle Scram,"—Omar L. Smith.

Quite a number of the ladies are now busily engaged in making gauze bandages, a Red Cross class having been organized at the Robinson Department Store, where they meet every Friday afternoon for two or three hours' instruction.

Paul E. Webb is now at the Naval Training Station at San Diego. His father, Rev. C. E. Webb, was in the British Navy in his youth, and would probably make a good instructor for the young salt.

From Benedict, Neb., comes word in the form of a newspaper clipping that our own Ziba L. Osmun is doing exceptionally well in the tire-repairing business there. The reporter speaks very highly of him and his work and recommends him as "one of the best citizens we've got, and the best tire-repair man in the country." We feel like saying, "I told you so," for Ziba was one of our finest young men, and deserves all the success that is coming to him.

Maybaw Norton, of Montalvo, in addition to looking after his large-ranch interests, also finds time to help the government in the capacity of community chairman of the War Savings Stamp Campaign in his neighborhood. The new Winter-Six which he ordered some time ago, has just arrived, and if you will pardon the slang, "it's a bird of a car."

Miss Cora Hitesman, who as a fair Co-ed on Kendall Green last year caused many an adorer to flounder through recitations, is now too busy purring and knitting for the boys in Khaki to get into mischief. Still, she admits that she sometimes longs to get into another basket-ball game and keep Professor Hughes on the jump. Her South Pasadena home is in a regular California paradise, one has to see it to appreciate the beauty.

At their February meeting, the Frats elected the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, to be held next July. Leon A. Fisk and Wm. Howe Phelps are the appointees, with Clarence H. Doane as alternate. Mr. Fisk is perhaps too well-known to need any introduction to the Frats. His work as State Organizer has given him an insight into the affairs of the Society that is possessed by very few indeed. Messrs. Phelps and Doane are also live wires, and can be depended upon to work for anything that concerns the advancement of the Society.

With a fund already started, thus assuring high class entertainment for the delegates, should the meet come to Los Angeles in 1921, our men are to be instructed "to bring home the bacon or bust."

Whether you support the Angel City or not, Mr. Prospective Delegate, make it a point to look up Leon A. Fisk and Wm. Howe Phelps. They are fine fellows to meet and to talk to, and will be glad to tell you all about the ideal convention city.

R. P. H.

Kansas City, Mo.

Los Angeles or Atlanta? So Mr. Schwarzlose put the question before us some time ago, with a few good points about his native town. Well, in the last issue he wrote an amusing happening which ran like this, "I was standing on the corner, thinking of nothing, as I usually do, when something hit me on the back so hard that my teeth rattled. At first I thought that the building, against which I had leaned, had fallen on me, but on recovering I was gratified to see that such was not the case, on looking around to find the cause of this mental and physical earthquake, etc." That settled my preference. It's Atlanta. Safety first. Earthquakes are bound to come at any time in California, or we are easily scared at any noise, the delegates may not be able to give their whole mind to the arguments at the convention, if ever it will be held there, for their eyes will first be directed toward the Exit doors at the slightest feeling of a noise. I am not against giving vote to Los Angeles, Mr. Schwarzlose, but the country cannot afford to risk the lives of the ablest and greatest educators of the Deaf. Give us a big tent for the convention and you will have our vote, sure.

What's doing down in Missouri? Particularly Fulton, the State school for the Deaf. Incidentally, it is the quietest town in the U. S. Battered from the rest of the country, so Fulton seemed to be, or so sleek? Missouri is the richest agricultural country in the world. Her deaf people ought to be able to divulge much of their time in keeping place with the rest of us in pushing the good cause of the Deaf.

Seventy-five eggs a day! That is what Chauncey Laughlin, not quite a man, but married, is getting at sixty-five per dozen. And he has a regular job, working days as cabinet-maker and seeing to poultry before and after work. He is going to buy a Ford some time. A year ago he had nothing but a poor rooster and a few poorly feathered hens. He replaced them with fine breeding ones, has a look of determination on his face, he is honest, and we hope he will have the best luck all the time.

Married—Miss Mecca Duffield to a soldier. His name couldn't be ascertained at the time of writing. It is a surprise to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Duffield. They were secretly married December 8th last, and the soldier is now in France, having crossed safely. Mecca will have our heartiest congratulations. We understand and her soldier husband was their neighbor for a long time.

Several boys have stopped in this city enroute to different places in the south from Akron, Ohio, being laid off. Same dull work there, they say, and they decided to help their folks on the farm this summer.

H.

Epiphany Mission for the Deaf
St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House, 833 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.
Mr. Thomas Marsden, Lay-Reader.
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES:
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 11 A.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

Baptist Minister to the Deaf
Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.
REV. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A.
Ordained Minister.
SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.
The minister makes a specialty of Readings and Lectures for social organizations. Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in above States.
Address: Keedysville, Md.

FANWOOD.

Major William H. VanTassel, Instructor of Military Drill at Fanwood, makes the following report to the Military Training Commission of New York State:—

1. At the request of Captain Hartley and in conformity with Chapter 566, Laws of 1916, as amended by Chapter 49, Laws of 1917, I enclose herewith applications of 49 boys between the ages of 16 and 18, in this institution. This does not represent the entire number of cadets under military training here. We have a Battalion of about 150 cadets, consisting of 3 Companies, 4 Squads each, a Band and Field Music composed of fife and drums.

2. The weekly report has not been filled out because it does not cover conditions here. When the weather permits we have drills out-of-doors on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 8 to 9 A.M., and on Sunday from 3.30 to 4.30 P.M.; also on Sunday from 2 to 3 P.M. we have Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers School.

The daily drills consist of:
School of the Soldier
School of the Squad
School of the Company in Close and Extended Order
School of the Battalion
Battalion Review
Battalion Parade
School of the Color
Inspection
Honors and Salutes
Receiving and Dismissing the Color
Practice in Band and Field Music
Marching and Counter-marching
Manual of the Bayonet
Two Arm Semaphore Code
Butts Rifle Drill Exercises
Butts Calisthenic Exercises
Setting-up Drills as prescribed for the United States Army

On Sundays we have ceremonies only.

3. Particular attention is paid to the art of marching, because our cadets, bereft of hearing, have a tendency to scuff their feet. This is a common fault among all deaf persons and has been entirely eliminated here since military training was instituted.

4. This school is conducted on an entirely military basis, copying as far as practicable the system employed at West Point. Bugle calls are sounded throughout the day for different purposes from reveille to taps. We have a fully equipped gymnasium under the supervision of a competent physical director. The cadets march to and from the classrooms, trades schools, etc., in a military manner, under the command of a squad leader. The drill is compulsory and the cadets wear their uniforms at all times. Saluting of commissioned officers by the cadets is strictly observed.

5. The benefits derived from military drill are manifested by the manly bearing and erect carriage of the cadets, good health and discipline, more rapid progress in studies than before, ambition, courteousness, mental alertness, a prompt and cheerful obedience to constituted authority, and the ability to take the initiative and to direct and control others. Not a single boy in this institution uses cigarettes or alcoholic beverages. In competitive drills with hearing organizations of cadets our superiority has been evidenced on numerous occasions. The organization has been retained by the Regular Army and the National Guard.

6. If further detailed information is desired I shall be pleased to furnish the same.

The subjoined reply comes from Major Greer, Supervisor of the New York Zone of the Military Training Commission:—

THE MILITARY TRAINING COMMISSION
THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

February 19, 1918.

MAJOR WILLIAM H. VANTASSEL,
Military Training at the New York
Institution of the Deaf and Dumb.

In reply to your letter of February 18th, enclosing forty-nine enrollments, I wish to thank you for your co-operation in this matter and for the detailed report of the work being carried on by you.

The letter shows that the Military Training that you are doing is so complete and instructive that I am forwarding a copy of your letter to Dr. Finley and Dr. Fisher, the Commissioners in charge of the Military Training. It will not be necessary for you to make a weekly report, but we would appreciate the receipt of the enrollment blanks of the remaining cadets in your institution who come within the ages prescribed by law.

LOUIS M. GREER, Major.

The annual recurrence of noteworthy days, such as Washington's Birthday, never fail to please the pupils; from educational benefits to holiday recreation. A retrospect will confirm that the conspicuous pleasures of this year's holiday were in instances unprecedented.

The chapel exercises that were held in the morning typified the patriotic spirit of the times. Much was said, orally and in signs, in the program of recitations by the pupils, that was inspiring.

The occasion was opened with an address by Principal Gardner, who spoke on the first great leader of the Continentals and President. The "Star Spangled Banner," played by the band, while the colors marched down the aisle with all at attention, was impressive in its simplicity. The chapel decorations were quite appropriate, and, for the first time, an example of clever workmanship was unveiled by Cadet Joseph Landberg, an apprentice of the carpentry and cabinet making department. The contribution rested upon a large pedestal, occupying a good third of the chapel stage, and was, in untarnished, white, a miniature duplicate of the Nation's great Capitol in Washington, D. C. So accurate was it in design and corresponding features the audience responded with enthusiastic applause. The work was accompanied by a brief description of its history, delivered by young Master Landberg. For the pleasure of visitors it is still on exhibition in the chapel, surrounded by two American flags and minor decorations.

Cadet Chief Musician Ciavolino also comes in for a good measure of praise, for a black and white slate drawing of the capitulation that ended the Revolution: "The Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va.," with figures of Washington and Lafayette.

Many of the pupils received visitors. Permits were issued for trips downtown and to visit friends.

The gym rang with universal gaiety all afternoon on the twenty-second. There were three basketball games, between the leading rivals in the tournament. Playing as arranged by schedule, the President Jefferson met, and in a fast game annihilated, the Roosevelts. In another contest they were smothered by the powerful and accurate goal shooting of the Wilsons—40 to 19. The feature game was between the President Grants and the Washingtons. It would have been very fitting the occasion to see the Washingtons win on the anniversary day, but the greater speed of the Grants triumphed. Manager Margraf was official referee in all contests.

The kindness of Principal Gardner to the boys and girls has been manifest more than once the past month. Friday evening the Principal and Mrs. Gardner very kindly escorted the Cadet and girl officers of the Protean and Adrastian Societies to the Audubon Theatre.

Mr. Bjorlee's class experienced a real jolly Washington's Birthday party, at his home the same evening. What a fine host Prof. and Mrs. Bjorlee make, with games and refreshments. Mr. Stevenson's class were his guests at a party the same evening.

As the days go on, we become more and more sensitive to the great demand for personal sacrifice for our country. One of the impressive scenes was on the boys' playground, when some one hundred and fifty cadets flocked to bid good-bye to their friend and athletic manager, Mr. Enoch G. Margraf, assistant steward at the institution, who was called to the service.

The February social and reunion was a great success last Saturday evening. The varying program of amusements carried out by the committee in charge furnished abundant fun for all. The two large study-halls were transformed into courts of mirth for a good two hours, the boys and girls mingling freely with their teachers.

Spring came for sure last week, with a few days of mild summer sunshines. Later was obvious the last dying struggle of winter in a light snowfall. Skates and sleds have been laid aside, yet there may still be occasion for their use.

The story of Job was told by Principal Gardner, preaching Sunday morning's sermon. In an impressive way we were led to see a stage and the rise of the curtain, the play being the incidents of Job's triumph with God over Satan.

The Fountain of Youth

Your body is the most delicate engine ever contrived—a sensitive machine strung with exquisite nerves, crisscrossed by tiny feed and drain pipes—fitted with a furnace, a multitude of storage stations and little warehouses for emergency supplies—in brief: A marvelous manufacturing plant, divided into departments, every one of which requires ceaseless attention.

You can't be healthier or brighter than you are poised and sound.

Pain is nature's signals that something's gone wrong—that a wire is kinked, a pipe fouled or a transmission loose.

This pang tells that your boilers need a cleaning—that twinge warns of improper fuel in the furnace.

You can't work better than your own works. Food and efficiency are directly related. We know that it pays to test coal and oil and raw materials for the best and cheapest qualities—cheapest, because they represent the greatest utility and least waste.

It's time to apply the same sanity to this human factory of ours, to energize it economically and wisely and not clog the functions with indigestible, unnutritious messes.

Satisfying the palate is not the main purpose of food. It must provide the blood with requisite elements, the bone with required minerals, the stomach, liver and kidneys, with speedy digestive and filtrative products.

Unbalanced rations turn into slimes and poisons; they deposit saccharine and saline excesses which eventually encrust the veins and overload the system with substances beyond its eliminative capacity.

Ponce de Leon searched in the wrong direction for the Fountain of Youth. It was bubbling on the kitchen fire.—Herbert Kaufman.

A Definition of a Gentleman.

A man that is clean inside and out, who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can lose without squealing, and can win without bragging; who is considerate of woman, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and lets other people have their.—Exchange.

OMAHA

Miss Nellie Johnson, of Ong, is in Omaha visiting friends. She is a very charming young lady, and her friends vie with one another in showing her a good time. While a guest at the Nebraska School, her Alma Mater, she was asked to temporarily fill a place in the teaching force, vacant by Mr. T. B. Blaker, who left without notice. She is, at this writing, holding the job until another teacher can be found.

The ball team at the Nebraska School journeyed to North Bend, some seventy miles to the West, for a game, Friday, the 8th. They returned Saturday morning with a score of 27 to their credit to their opponents 16. An informal dance was given in their honor at the School.

Mr. James Jelinek, of Plattsmouth, entertained the members of the Mid-West Chapter, G. C. A. A., at the home of his brother, on South Sixteenth Street, Omaha. The E. M. Gallaudet Memorial occupied a good part of the evening. Dr. Olaf Hanson spoke at some length on how money for a Memorial building might be secured. Being an architect of considerable experience he knows whereof he speaks. Harry Long rendered feelingly a new patriotic song, "The Story Our Flag Tells." What little time was left afterwards, was spent playing "500."

Many of the JOURNAL readers may not know that the Mid-West Chapter, G. C. A. A., is composed of college people, graduates, Exes and Normals, living in Omaha (Nebr.) and Council Bluffs (Ia.) The meetings are held alternately at both places, at the homes of the members.

Miss Ella Cowen gave a Valentine party in honor of Miss Nellie Johnson, who was her guest. Just because the hostess could not have her "aid bye" at the party, all others were barred, and it was nothing doin' for Dan Cupid that evening.

John O'Brien, on hearing that his wife was going to a "hen" party, sent along a bag of candy, having the shape and color of grains of corn, which was chuckfully received.

The absence of mereman in no wise lessened the merriment of the evening, owing to the ingenuity of the hostess to keep her guests continually entertained. It was evident, however, the little god of love had access to this party, for, by his influence, was one dear little lassie led to announce her engagement to a promising young man residing in Kansas.

Berth Sowell won 4½ A's in the recent High School Mid-Winter examinations.

A roller skating party, composed of young people chaperoned by Mrs. Blankenship, had an enjoyable time at one of Omaha's select skating rinks recently.

Charles Blasing is on the night shift in the City Post Office. He sorts the mail.

Mr. W. H. Rother represented his firm at the Automobile Show at Chicago early this month.

Mrs. Barney Brown entertained the Aux-Fraterns at Kensington, at her apartment, on February 9th. An enjoyable time was had.

Frank Andrewjeski, a clerk in Goodyear's at Akron, Ohio, stopped over in Omaha a couple of days on his way back from a visit of two weeks with his home folks. He was called home by reason of his mother's illness. She is now convalescent.

About Attila.

Attila was a famous king of the Huns. He was the son of Mundzuk and brother of Bleda with whom he ascended the throne in 433 A.D. He was called the "Scourge of God" by medieval writers, on account of the ruthless and widespread destruction caused by him. On the assassination of his brother at Attila's instigation in 453, he became the sole ruler and extended his sway over German and Slavonic nations, including the East, Goths, Burgundians, Thuringians, Gepidae, Huns and Alanians. From 442 to 447 he laid waste the province of the Eastern empire south of the Danube, exacting from Theodosius I. a tribute of 6,000 pounds of gold, and establishing the annual subsidy at 2,000 pounds; he laid claim to one-half of the Western empire as the betrothed husband of Honoria, who years previously had sent him her ring and the offer of her hand in marriage. In 451 he invaded Gaul, in alliance with Genseric, King of the Vandals, and was defeated in the same year by the Roman general Aetius with the aid of the West Gothic King Theodoric at Chalons-sur-Marne; he retired from Orleans to Chalons, where he gave battle to the allies on the Cate-lanian fields. The Huns were defeated, but the Romans did not follow up their victory—and in the following year Attila laid waste Northern Italy, and even threatened Rome. In 453 he died, on the night of his marriage to the Burgundian princess, Hilda or Ildiko.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

It's all right to be optimistic, but a man should not whistle while lighting his last match.—Toledo Blade.

Somewhere in Sunshine-land.

How my eastern readers would love me, if, by the magic of a pencil, I could send them warm, sunny days such as the one on which I am inditing this, my first JOURNAL letter of the new year!

Groundhog day was chilly, one of the coldest we have yet had this winter, but the next day was perfect; ditto to-day.

How many of you, readers, would take a tablet and pencil and go out on your lawn and seat yourself on the grass, bareheaded and wrappless, (and in summer underwear), and sit for an hour or more unafraid of colds?

Much, very much has happened since I last wrote, and I trust that friend Handley will report it faithfully, for he may dismiss the idea of my ever assuming his role of sassy reporter. He may even keep the job.

My good friend, Mrs. Kiene, says I write too much about one person. That being the case, I could never qualify as a reporter. I can't trim my pencil-point down to the fineness of chronicling that "Mrs. A. has a spell of the rheumatiz, but is some better at this writing," "that Mrs. B. has bought a liberty bond and advises the rest of us to do likewise," that "It is reported that Miss Black has given up her room in the Pepper Tree Flats and taken a better one in the Palm Leaf Apts." etc. Besides, few of those things reach my ears.

When I write, it's just a long letter to my far-away friends, and I think of my readers all over the country, particularly in dear old Indiana, and I know that they understand me and enjoy my nonsense—for they tell me so, and scold me for not writing often, though they don't bombard me with letters thick enough to hustle me. Human nature is pretty much the same our country over: we all love to get letters, and most of us are slackers about writing them.

If "Sandy Claws" had brought me the type-writer I longed (and long) for, I might pretend it was the piano I wanted when a little girl, and pound out endless letters—and doubtless be implored to desist.

My canary is moving, to-day, to a new nest, the one on Orange Drive proving too cramped.

The new Terry bungalow is on Martel Avenue, Hollywood, but the number escapes me.

Already a little luncheon has been planned to celebrate the move—just the usual congenial few, with the addition of Mrs. Celia Potter Allen, of Michigan, who fits in like a bit of sunshine. A bright and witty addition, who can regale us as a joy. We hope she will make California her home. Those of you who are dispensing with fresh green things for the table, or paying two or three prices for them, would enjoy a stroll through our newest-down-town market—the Grand Central. I noted some long heads of lettuce, as I supposed, and decided to try a head. It was a revelation to me—tender, slightly sweet, and decidedly oily in taste—a delightful salad without addition of even salt. It was labelled, "Chinese lettuce."

When again I went to market, I came upon longer and larger heads, with thick, broad ribs through the leaves, and was puzzled, for it was labelled "China lettuce," and what I had bought before or what looked like it was labelled "Roma-ive." I took a head of the "China lettuce," home, and it tasted like cabbage!

The next time, I bought the correct variety of a Jap, label notwithstanding, and later, finding a white girl at another stall, appealed to her for the correct names of the two varieties. She maintained that the cabbage stuff was "China lettuce," and the delicious oily lettuce was "Romaive."

Since then I've taken note of the various labels tacked upon the two species of salad stuff, and have about concluded that my pet green stuff is *romaine lettuce*, and the cabbage stuff is "Swiss chard."

But these Jap hucksters are mighty confusing with their labels. One had a fine display of sweet corn, and a large card announced—"Corn, 3 for 10 cents."

Unto myself I remarked that the one I possessed was a great plenty, and passed up that stall.

I wish I had jotted down all the funny Japisms I've grinned over at the two big down-town markets. A. B., in particular, would enjoy them. (Drat him! he's never written but that one JOURNAL letter, miserable slacker!)

The rainy season has not yet arrived in this locality, and many are the expressions of surprise at the delay. Two or three light rains and California sunshine the rest of the time! I see, from where I sit, (on the grass, remember,) a clump of sunflowers in bloom in the next yard.

A dear little boy at a house where I was lunching, recently, went out and picked me a bouquet. Among the posies was a double hollyhock—in January!

When I read of the frightful cold and deep snows in the east; of the fuel shortage and heatless days; I'm mighty glad I shrank returning to my native hearth e'en tho' the mice and moths reduce my household goods and gods to sawdust and bits of wool and paper. (O, my precious

books and pictures and photographs!) At least they may leave me the dishes, tinware and stoves.

Truck-wagons are numerous on the residence streets—seemingly as numerous as ever, despite the recent opening of two immense markets in the heart of the business district both of which are usually crowded.

Vegetables are plentiful and cheap. Peas in the pod, tomatoes, several varieties of lettuce and chard, radishes, new onions, cauliflower, beets, turnips, carrots, cress—almost every thing you can want, fresh from the gardens of the wonderful Chinese and Japanese.

Strawberries, big and fine and cheap—two boxes for a quarter. No, my dear eastern readers, shivering 'mid ice and snow, I do not mean to play Tantalus. I'm just trying to picture the wonderful garden land in which Los Angeles is situated. And I'd send you all a similar climate if I could.

Irrigation keeps things growing in spite of the wait for the long overdue rains.

As a usual thing, I am not lonely. There is a multiplicity of things to do and see, (tho' I'd prefer to read,) and enough visitors to break any monotony. But after church on Sundays, I sometimes feel averse to returning home, and on one of these occasions I took a Hollywood car and surprised the Terrys just as they had finished their evening meal. Nothing would do but that I sit down at the table, where I ate the goodness from around the hole in a doughnut and drank a cup of tea that winsome Miss Catherine brought me, and then we discussed every interesting thing we could think of until nearly ten o'clock!

As it proved, that was to be my last call at Canary Cottage on Orange Drive.

Miss Chenoweth, Mrs. Waddell and others have been endeavoring to organize a working branch of the Red Cross among our deaf ladies, and I understand there will be a meeting in a room at Robinson's immense dry-goods emporium every Friday afternoon, and that a large number of ladies are signifying their intention of attending. Good!

Mr. and Mrs. Wood, of Ventura, were at the Congregational church services, a recent Sunday, Mr. Wood, being in town on business.

Mrs. Wood told me he was far from well, being threatened with pneumonia, but I trust he has thrown off the unwelcome symptoms ere this. He has a lovely little wife, not deaf, of whom he is evidently proud.

Mrs. Lilley and daughter, of Tiburon, were at the same services, and are here for an extended visit. Mr. Lilley may join them later. So much, in the way of news, I picked up at church, and by the way, we now have a Bible class meeting at 2:30 P.M., at the Congregational church.

I believe friend Handley has reported the wedding of Miss Larimer and Mr. Hawvichorst. Now, for the next I'll be waiting for it and wondering why the wait.

By and by, I'll promise, if I live and escape disability, to report something of sufficient interest, between now and next Christmas, to make both east and west sit up and rub their eyes.

Go on! go on! Guess again. No, you've missed it. Just wait! Some women can keep a secret.

On a recent evening, when one of those dear friends from whom we're sometimes tempted to pray for deliverance, had waylaid me just as I returned home and poured out a tale of woe to wring tears from a totem pole, I escaped, via the city railway, and spent the rest of the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Norman V. Lewis, whose house by the way is almost the only one to which I ever wend my way unbidden, unexpected.

And you may all rejoice with me that I made that call; for it resulted in Mr. Lewis at last copying for me the dear little poem that I noted over a year ago, while nosing through his old books and magazines.

IF

Author unknown.
"If all the world were deaf, my love,
Excepting you and me,
Each word I spoke to you, my love,
A word-careless should be,
Now, it would not do, my love,
The world so sharp has grown;
It bears a whisper and it marks
The slightest shade of tone:
And you—another's are my love,
And I am not my own.

"If all the world were blind, my love,
Excepting you and me,
Close to my heart I'd clasp you love,
And kiss you tenderly,
But now, it would not do, my love,
The world so sharp has grown,
That, verily, I think, my love,
It sees through wood and stone:
And you—another's are, my love,
And I am not my own."

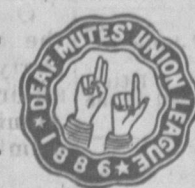
Isn't it exquisite?
And now, if I do not lay aside my pencil and attend to a little business engagement, I MAY come home this evening with a longer face than I awoke with this sunny morning.
C. E. C.

"The sacrifices we are exacting of the noble American boys who are going to the bloody fields of France for the lives and liberty of us who stay at home, call to us with an irresistible appeal to support them with our most earnest efforts in the work we must do at home."—Secretary McAdoo.

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Inc.

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Don't fail to attend our

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I vote for MISS to be crowned Queen of May

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Committee—Wm. Krieger (Chairman), A. Hymes, A. Eisenberg.

Hartford, 1917

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Greater New York Division, No. 23 N. F. S. D. meets at Imperial Hall, 360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, MAX M. LUBIN, Secretary, 1892 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; or JOHN D. SHERA, State (Eastern New York) Organizer, 78 W. 89th St., New York.

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under the auspices of the

Greater New York Div., No. 23

N. F. S. D.

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NEW YORK CITY

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Ellesmere St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

Rev. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.

Mrs. ROSE CHESNUT, Mute Interpreter.

Sabbath School—2 to 3 P.M.

Sermon—3 to 4 P.M.

Mute Christian Endeavor Society—4:15 P.M.

Prayer Meeting, first Wednesday of each month.

Everybody Welcome.

TO YOU!

The most anxious Agent will not insure your house if it smells of smoke and none insure the lives of sick men or women.

We are open only for those who are well enough and smart enough to get there in time. The time to prepare is NOW while it is possible to make the preparation.

The New England Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Boston, Mass., is the oldest Co. in America, with assets of over seventy million dollars. It offers the BEST policy contract ever issued to the deaf, at same low rates as to hearing persons.

Write me for full information which will open your eyes and perhaps give

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Miss Tillie Steiner was given a surprise party by a few of her friends in honor of her birthday, which fell on February 11th, at her home, 326 East 58th Street.

The party proved a success in surprising Tillie, as she was ignorant of it. Having spent the afternoon roller skating at the Grand Central Palace, she arrived home at 6 P.M. to find four of her girl friends in the parlor and everything aglow.

After supper more friends came. All those present including her sisters were the Misses Mary Meyer, Annie Brenner, Rosie Rose, Lena Slom and Marie Chatterton, and also the Messrs. Eisen, Lazar, Sobel and Chatterton.

The evening was spent in dancing, acting, playing games and telling stories, until the hostess served refreshments. The party broke out at 12 P.M. Many handsome gifts were received from all Tillie's friends.

On Sunday, January 27th, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Liebsohn had the pleasure of having their daughter baptized, Catherine Roseanna, by the Rev. John Chamberlain. The sponsors were Miss Kate Colligan, a dear friend, and Mrs. Liebsohn's brother, Fred Peck. After the christening, a supper was served. Miss Colligan presented to the baby, Catherine being named after her, a pretty gold ring and a little jacket made by her own hands. Catherine was also recipient of other useful gifts. Among those present and known among the Deaf of New York and Brooklyn were: Miss Kate Colligan, Mr. Archie MacLaren, Miss MacLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thies and children, and Mrs. C. Thompson and son, Elaire.

It is just 11 years ago, on March 2d, that Mr. and Mrs. Liebsohn were married by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain. They now have three very pretty children to bless their union, Nellie being 9 years old, and very good to her little brother and sister, Joseph 3, and Catherine 9 months.

S. W. J. D. NEWS

The Purim party given by the Sisterhood of the Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf on Saturday evening, March 2d, was a complete success. Great credit is due to Mrs. Louis A. Cohen and the other ladies for the splendid arrangements.

Those who heard Dr. Fox's lecture on "Changing Ideals" (which will be published in the March issue of *The Jewish Deaf*) will be glad to learn that Dr. Fox is again to address the members of the S. W. J. D. next Sunday afternoon, under the auspices of the Dramatic Circle. The subject of his lecture will be "Keeping the Faith." As the foretaste the eminent educator gave us some time ago assures us of an intellectual treat; a capacity audience is expected.

Basket-ball game and Dance given by the Alphabet A. C., will be held at the Boys' Club, on Saturday evening, March 16th.

The committee has done everything possible to make the affair a success, as is shown by the challenge game, in which the Lexington Five will line up against the undefeated Boys' Club team. This game should be of special interest, inasmuch as both teams are of championship calibre. A following of the preliminary will see the V. B. G. A. Girls take the floor against the Lexington Girls, who hail from the S. W. J. D.

Dancing will follow before and after the games.

There will be no extra charge for wardrobe.

Don't forget, the Boys' Club is located at the corner of East 10th Street and Avenue A. It can be reached by any intersecting car line. Those from Brooklyn, taking the Broadway "L" to Essex Street, or the Fulton Street Line to Park Row, changing to 3d Avenue and alighting at 9th Street. From New York, by Subway to Astor Place, or Third Avenue "L" to 9 Street. The rest is sufficient.

First game will start at 8 o'clock. The gymnasium has a seating capacity of over 500 and ample facility will be in evidence.

Harold T. McManus, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McManus, of Newark, N. J., died at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., on February 11th, of pneumonia, after an illness of only four days. The remains were sent home with a Guard of Honor, and funeral services were held on Thursday, February 14th, at St. Colorado Church. Mr. McManus was only twenty two years of age and had served with Battery B., N. G. N. J., on the Texas border, and his last service was with the 104th Military Police. Mr. McManus' last visit home was at Christmas. Mr. McManus had a

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. H. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

March 2, 1918.—The birthday of "The Father of his Country," was observed at the school in the usual manner with a holiday. A number of the teachers living out of the city spent from Thursday after school at their homes, not reporting for duty till Monday morning. This was made possible by Superintendent Jones relieving the teachers from Sunday school duty, he himself conducting a union of all the classes in the chapel Sunday morning. The entertainment committee for the evening, Mr. McGregor, Misses Greener and Edgar, presented a Shadow pantomime, the first one for a number of years, and its features were, therefore, novel to the young folks and thoroughly enjoyed. Following was the—

MAGIC SHADOW ENTERTAINMENT

I.—SALUTE TO THE FLAG.

II.—TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

III.—THE CHERRY TREE STORY. (New Version.)

IV.—SNOW STORM. The policeman is kept busy. David and Goliath.

V.—THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

VI.—VAUDEVILLE.

VII.—THE ENCHANTED BOARDING HOUSE.

VIII.—WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

IX.—GOOD NIGHT.

THE PLAYERS.—Being "merely shadows of themselves."

Recognize them if you can.

Committee.—R. P. MacGregor, Miss Greener, Miss Edgar.

Utility Man.—Otto Siedowski.

At the last meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, February 21st, a letter was read by Miss Zell from the Red Cross Chairman, expressing appreciation for the excellent work done by the members of the Aid Society who have given their time and aid. Miss May Greener was added to the jubilee Committee. A list of eight honorary members who have paid their dues was given. Miss Kingy was transferred to the honorary member list. The treasurer, Miss Edgar, announced receipts for the past month \$28.68, and expenditures \$3.60.

Mr. Warren Shaffer was in the city several days last week and attended the February 22d entertainment. He had been working in a rubber factory in Akron. He has quit the job and zone down to his home in Perry County to assist his father, who runs a hardware store.

The boys will have to put up a new backstop before the baseball season opens. The one that has been in use a number of years was blown down Monday night into kindling wood, by the 64 mile-an-hour wind.

Nellie the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Corbett, of Bellaire, has been laid up the last four weeks with muscular rheumatism.

Mr. Wm. F. Robb, of Bellaire, while at work in a factory, had the misfortune to have a heavy weight fall upon one of his feet, mashing the big toe. He has been unable to work for the past three weeks. Mr. Corbett is endeavoring to have him receive compensation from the State, under the Workmen's Compensation Act.

Mr. H. Huggins, of Wheeling, W. Va., was in a hospital there, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. After leaving it recently, he was taken down with a bad case of dropsy.

Mr. A. H. Schory had an attendance for his lecture in Toledo, last Saturday, of seventy. It was given under the auspices of the Toledo Silent Club, and the proceeds are to be given to the Red Cross. Mr. Schory, Sunday morning in Trinity Chapel, conducted a religious service for the deaf. While in Toledo he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Kainitz.

And now the deaf ladies of Toledo are going to do their share for the Red Cross too. They have invited Mr. C. W. Charles to give a reading,

"Best tales from Shakespeare," at Kapp's Hall, Summit and Adams Street, on the evening of 16th, at 7:45 o'clock. Admission, twenty-five cents. The day following, he will give a service at 2:45 P.M., in Trinity Chapel.

Rev. Allabough conducted services in Trinity Chapel, and at the school here, last Sunday. Monday he went up to the Home for Deaf, and preached to the residents. Rev. Charles went over to Zanesville and preached to the deaf there in the afternoon. He met there a Mrs. Bender, 73 years old, who attended the Fanwood school. She is making her home in Zanesville, with a niece. Rev. Charles was the guest of Mrs. Laverna Carr Pumphrey while in the city.

The Sunday issue of the *Ohio State Journal* contained a picture of the S. S. C. Girls, as they appeared at work in the Red Cross headquarters.

The O. S. S. D. Basket ball team and the Capital Freshmen played a close and fast game, on the afternoon of the 22d, resulting in a victory for O. S. S. D., 39 to 32.

Saturday evening O. S. S. D. had the Lancaster, Ohio, H. S., as opponents, and walloped them easily—64 to 31.

Last evening, the Mt. Vernon, O. Y. M. C. A. team, which last week was the only one to down the O. S. S. D., came over to try it a second time. Well, the "Mounts" returned to their homes a sound lot, though it must be confessed O. S. S. D. had a close call. When the time was up the teams were a tie (34 to 34) and an extra five minutes were given in which O. S. S. D. added four more points, giving them the game—38 to 34.

A. B. G.

EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET FUND.

It is with great pleasure that the Committee announces the appended list of recent donations, and it is their belief that others are putting their affairs in order so that they too may have the privilege of honoring a worthy man. The fund now approximates \$4137.86 in contributions and pledges.

On April 6th the Third Liberty Loan will be launched, and we earnestly beg all who can to buy a bond for their country's sake, and to give the bond to the Fund for Gallaudet's sake. "Baby Bonds" in the form of War Savings Stamps are now on sale everywhere and they are just as acceptable as the Liberty Bonds. In case you send us cash, we will invest it in these Government securities whenever possible. For patriotic reasons no attempt will be made to construct the Memorial while the war lasts, but it is important that we have the necessary funds ready when the opportunity comes.

Write and tell us what you think you can give. For your convenience and our convenience, we will send you pledge cards on which you can state the amount and date of your proposed donations. A little every year for five years will make it easier for you to contribute a large sum. Eventually, we will ask all the deaf to contribute, but the Alumni, former students, normals and honoraries must give first, as they benefited directly by Dr. Gallaudet's life work.

Miss Ernestine Ball	\$10.00
C. W. Charles	75.00
Cyrus Chambers	300.00
Mrs. Cyrus Chambers	100.00
Prof. H. E. Day	50.00
Miss Louise M. Greener	10.00
William L. H. H.	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Howard	50.00
Supt. J. W. Jones	50.00
Miss Cloa G. Lamson	50.00
J. Stanley Light	5.00
R. P. McGregor	50.00
Miss Bessie McGregor	25.00
Miss Alice Nicholson	1.00
William A. Ohlmecher	25.00
C. A. Painter and pupils in W. Pa.	
Inst.	11.00
Dr. Robert Patterson	101.79
Mrs. Elizabeth DeLong Savage	5.00
A. H. Schory	50.00
J. R. Standacher	2.00
Irvin T. Trefethen	5.00
Miss M. Eberburga Zell	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Zorn	50.00
Wendell Haley	10.00
Miss Nettie J. Haley	25.00
Dr. Charles R. Ely	50.00
Oscar D. Guire, Jr.	25.00

Ways and Means Committee.

Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

March 2, 1918.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Stedemann, Lay Reader.

Miss Clara L. Stedemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Week day social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.

Other services and meetings by special appointment.

The deaf cordially invited.

Minister's address: 3606 Virginia Avenue

MARCH

17. Fifth Sunday in Lent—9:30 a.m. Sunday School. 10:45 a.m. Service and Holy Communion.

24. Palm Sunday—8:00 p.m. Confirmation Service. Sermon by the Bishop.

31. Easter Day—9:30 a.m. Sunday School. 10:45 a.m. Sermon and Holy Communion.

Other events will be duly announced.

All are cordially invited.

BALTIMORE.

Mr. Aaron B. Showman, a prominent mute of this city and state, died at the home of his brother, in this city, Monday morning, February 11th, from acute Bright's Disease, in the 69th year of his age. The following Wednesday the remains were removed to Frederick and interred in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. Rev. D. E. Moylan accompanied the funeral party and conducted the funeral services in this city and at the grave.

At the last business meeting of the Trustees and Board of Directors of Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, it was decided to put the Church in fine repair. New electric lights, a new heating plant will be installed, together with many other alterations. The outside will be painted, and new wire screens will be put up to protect the windows.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Swartz, of near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., are expected to come to Baltimore and spend several weeks visiting friends and relatives. They have a nice garden at their home, and they will return as soon as the weather settles for spring planting.

Mr. Garrie Davis announces the arrival of a little baby boy, which took place at his home last week. Mr. Davis formerly lived in Newport News, Va., and now holds a good position as machinist in this city.

Prof. T. C. Forrester, Principal of the Maryland School for the Deaf at Frederick, was in this city two weeks ago, on very important business in connection with the school.

The Frats here will celebrate its 5th Anniversary, by holding a banquet on Saturday night, April 13th. Rev. J. A. Brandlick was chosen to look after the matter and get everything in ship-shape order.

Rev. E. Clayton Wyand writes us from Hagerstown that he is a busy man at present, and that he has just added a new store to his numerous jobs at Eakies Mills, Md.

Wm. J. Hayes lately entertained a few of his select friends at lunch, at the home of Rev. J. A. Brandlick. Mr. Hayes takes great pride in his culinary arts, and right he is too.

Mr. John S. Kavanaugh, of Frederick County, came to this city two weeks ago and secured a situation at the U. S. Proving Grounds, near Magnolia, Md., at very good wages.

Mr. Charles E. Moylan, son of Rev. D. E. Moylan, who graduated with honors from Western Maryland College last fall, was appointed Assistant Principal of the Brunswick High School. He has a very bright future before him.

Rev. D. E. Moylan's daughter, Mabel, who has been teaching for several years at the Vancouver, Washington State, School for the Deaf, was recently chosen as teacher at the Little Rock, Ark., School. She accepted and is now there, thus being much nearer to her home and parents.

Rev. A. D. Bryant, for many years one of the faculty of Gallaudet College, voluntarily resigned in order to devote his whole time to the ministry. The Baptist Mission here under his charge is growing steadily and is doing much good among the deaf here.

Mr. Clarence Goswell, of Snow Hill, Maryland, spent several days in this city, the first week of February. He reports business very brisk down his way.

Messrs. A. C. Buxton and Russell Roberts came to Baltimore recently, and were visitors at Christ M. E. Church, two Sundays ago. Mr. Buxton came here ostensibly to visit his mother, who was quite sick but is now better.

Mrs. Clay Johnston and baby, of Lynchburg, Va., spent several weeks here, visiting her parents and friends.

Miss Grace Wilhelm was married to Mr. George Koenig just before Christmas. Rev. Father M. A. Purcell performed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Price were tendered a surprise party last Wednesday night, which was the fifth anniversary of their marriage.

They were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents, and a very good time was had by all present. Ray Kaufman had charge of the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Price knew nothing about the coming party and were completely taken by surprise. They have two very bright and handsome little children; a boy and a girl.

Mr. Oliver Watkins, of Florida, has been working at Camp Mead as a carpenter ever since he came here last summer, and commands very good wages, averaging about \$55 per week. Mr. Elmer Butterbaugh is now working with him and is receiving the same wages as Mr. Watkins.

J. A. B.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House

533 S. Olive St., Los Angeles

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.

Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES:

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.

Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in every month, 8:00 P.M.

Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.

ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

SILENT BUT PATRIOTIC

Following its annual custom of celebrating Washington's Birthday, the Xavier Ephphatha Society and friends, hearing and deaf, numbering 300 or more, gathered in the cozy little auditorium of Xavier Parish School Hall, West Seventeenth street, on the evening of February 22d. The first celebration, fifteen years ago, was held in the hall of the Sacred Heart Academy on Eighteenth Street, east of Sixth Avenue. Although the character of the vicinity has changed since then, the Catholic deaf of the greater city and environments are still at good old Xavier's thirty-five years now, and pleading for a long hoped for successor to their late pastor, the Rev. Michael R. McCarthy, S. J., founder of the Ephphatha good work cause among the silent faithful throughout the country.

A ladies committee was in charge of the recent celebration, Miss Beatrice Chauler directing. The program was made up of a playlet, "Our Aunt From Frisco," with an all-feminine cast. The dialogue was in the sign language. Prof. John Lyons, head teacher at the Public School for the Deaf, interpreted orally. An Irish jig, by Miss Kathleen McGuire and Miss Annie Keightley, in real Dublin style, brought down the house. A number of other dances and drills were included, the young and pretty deaf ladies evidencing ability in the evolutions, and as devotees of Terpsichore.

The climax was "The Star Spangled Banner," recited in signs by Miss Marion McCoy, a graduate and now teacher at the Rev. Dr. John E. Mahoney's Sunday school for the deaf at St. Rose's Church on Washington Heights. The audience stood during its rendition. Prof. Lyons following orally the rhythmic movements of Miss McCoy's hands and arms. Attired in a flowing gown of white, draped with a large American flag and Liberty cap, eight other young deaf ladies, similarly gowned, ranged alongside the leader, repeating the chorus. Although exempt from participating in the service of Uncle Sam on account of their infirmity, the deaf audience were patriotic enough to "watch" the recital of Francis Scott Key's song standing—*Catholic News*.

The Origin of Punctuation.

The punctuation marks which separate and conclude sentences and thereby simplify the perusal of what is written, are said to have been first employed by Aristophanes. The system devised by him was not, however, generally known and soon fell again into complete oblivion. It was nearly a thousand years before a similar attempt was again made.

In the time of Charles the Great punctuation marks were again introduced into writing at the instigation of the distinguished linguists, Warnefried and Alcuin. These signs also, however, fell into disuse.

The present system of punctuation, now used in all modern languages with but insignificant variations, was introduced in the first half of the 15th century by a Venetian printer named Aldus Manutius. He is the real father of punctuation marks—of the full stop, comma, semicolon, colon, question and exclamation marks, apostrophe and inverted commas. Manutius' system was adopted later by all printers until it finally established itself throughout Europe.

Waiting.

(One pathetic figure in the village haunts me yet. It is that of "Willie Wallie," as the natives called him, not unkindly. He was a handsome youth, but as his name implies mentally deficient. I used to see him, every day, sitting on the steps of his humble home, gazing with troubled countenance at the world about him. He seemed to me always to be waiting for the power to think and reason.—*Traveler's Notes*.)

Willie Wallie, hapless being,
Sits beside the way,
Gazing still with eyes unseeing,
All the livelong day;

Waiting with a restless yearning
In the bosom stirred,
By a hope each morn returning,
Every eve deferred;

Waiting, till the rising curtain
Shall reveal the day,
Till the shadows, dark, uncertain,
Shall be cleared away.

—W. A. Caldwell in *Cal. News*.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLER, Minister.

WINTER, 1918.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 8 P.M.

Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 8 P.M.

New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 7 P.M.

Waterbury—St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P.M.

Pittsfield, Mass.—St. Stephen's Church, first Sunday of month, at 8 P.M.

Springfield, Mass.—Christ Church, first Sundays, at 8 P.M.

Other services by appointment.

Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Many widows are said to be garrulous. Possibly that's why they are widows.

You can't discourage the prohibition movement by throwing cold water on it.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dove Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On Saturday evening, March 2d, a birthday party was tendered to Mrs. Kate Stewart (nee Keeney) at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stumpf. An enjoyable evening was spent. Those who attended the party were Misses Elizabeth Thomson, Mary Woods, Edith Booser, Katharine March and Rachel Gilroy, and Messrs. Daniel Chestnut, Martin Caviston, Henry Friemel, and Md Grath.

Mrs. Maggie Keeney, formerly of this city, and for the last few years residing at Elmira, New York, came to Philadelphia on February 26th, bringing her two children along, to attend the funeral of her father. She passed two weeks with Miss Mary Woods, and is now spending a week with her brother before returning home.

The Misses Elizabeth and Hannah Abrams, of Reading, Pa., have our most sincere sympathy for the loss of their father, who died recently. Mr. Abrams was a prominent citizen of Reading and president of the trolley line between Reading and Allentown.

At the last meeting of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., on Friday evening, March 1st, two applicants for membership passed muster. Among other business, Section 3 of Article XII, of the Division Rules, was altered to read as follows:—

The Secretary and Treasurer of this Division shall receive such compensation as the board of Trustees may decide from time to time, with the concurrence of the Division.

Bro. William Knipe, of Newark Division, was a visitor at this meeting and made his maiden speech.

Mr. Theodore W. Eggert, of Ewan, New Jersey and Miss Ida N. Reed, of South Westerville, New Jersey, were visitors at All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Sunday afternoon, March 3d. Mr. Eggert escorted Miss Reed here and back again.

Mr. George H. Porter's right arm was threatened with blood poisoning the latter part of last week. He promptly sought medical aid, and we hope the trouble has been checked.

Basketball playing was renewed at All Souls' Parish House some time ago and games are now played weekly. Next Saturday, March 9th, the Silent Five, of Trenton, New Jersey, will come to Philadelphia to play the local team.

Mr. William Knipe, of Newark, New Jersey, has obtained work at the Electric Battery factory in Tioga and is counted on to stay here indefinitely.

Mr. Levi Cooper sustained a bad cut on his right thumb recently.

Miss Helen Delp, the hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Delp, is employed as stenographer and typewriter in the office of a railroad official at the Reading Terminal Station. She and her mother spent last Sunday at Atlantic City.

The Hebrew deaf, like those at All Souls' Church, are doing a lot of Red Cross work at Beth Israel Temple.

Mr. Clinton Weiss, of Tamqua, Pa., was a Sunday visitor at All Souls' Church on March 3d. Other visitors were Isaac Allen, of Allentown, and Robert T. Young, of Sellersville.

The third child of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Shaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston, has been named Robert Washington Shaw, after the father and grandfather. The boy is seven weeks old; the other children are Houston, five years old, and May, three years old.

Mrs. William H. Lipsett is about again after an illness.

Mr. Charles Paxton has procured a position here and will in all probability reside here. His wife is at his former home in Cumberland, Maryland, and may shortly come here.

We never knew so many deaf persons doing night work here as are known to do now. There are about twelve of them.

The Frats are going to have fun with "games of skill" at the Grand Fraternity Building, 1626 Arch Street, on Saturday evening, March 16th. Ladies may try their skill with the men, and

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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To Canada and Foreign Countries, 1.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
"Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And out for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the
individuals will be charged
of ten cents a line.

A JOINT COMMITTEE of the Senate and House of the Kentucky legislature recently made a visit of inspection at the Institution for the Deaf at Danville, and Superintendent Augustus Rogers should be quite proud of the result of their close scrutiny of the different departments of the school.

The chairman of the committee said they found everything kept in the best way possible and that the management was entitled to every recommendation.

Too much cannot be said about the institution at Danville, one of the members of the committee said. "Under the capable management of Superintendent Rogers, it is one of the best handled institutions in the State."

The institution desires to get an increased appropriation for a modern printing plant, but the committee will have to go in executive session before it can give out any report as to what its recommendations to the General Assembly will be.

"We were favorably impressed with the work being done at that great institution," the chairman of the committee stated, "and we think it is an institution of which the State should be justly proud."

EDWARD E. RAGNA is at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala., doing war work under the National War Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States. He is employed as mail clerk and has plenty to do.

He is the only deaf man that has come to our knowledge, who has been accepted and, attired in uniform, is working in the service. Consequently, he sets a precedent that may be followed by deaf-mutes ambitious or anxious to "do their bit" in a direct way.

He was the seventh man called by the draft, and was found perfect in every way except for lack of hearing. He was at first rejected, but on account of the basis of his answers to the questionnaire was restored to Class I. A.

Much of his success was due to his superior education and to the added fact that he had been a teacher of the deaf at Trenton, N. J. This impressed the officials at the Cincinnati Headquarters and resulted in his present proud position. It is quite possible that he may get to France before the war is over.

The limitations of deafness are becoming more and more understood, and every such instance as is above recorded helps to place the deaf in a better and truer light before the thinking public.

SHE MUSTN'T TOOT

A deaf but pious lady visiting a small country town in Scotland went to church armed with an ear trumpet. The elders had never seen one and viewed it with suspicion and uneasiness. After a short consultation one of them went to the lady just before the opening of service and wagging his finger at her warningly, whispered "One toot and yer oot."

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The young ladies are going to have a class in Red Cross nursing. Forty members have already been signed up.

The baseball team, captained by Heupel, '18, has begun practice on the lawn between College Hall and Faculty Row.

Lewis Peterson, ex-'21, has left town after working since last fall as a shipping-clerk in this city. He is now doing carpentry at a military cantonment in Virginia. He will continue to show himself in visits from time to time until he decides to return to his beloved California.

The Co-ed basket-ball team played Colonial School last Saturday, and, true to feminine modesty, allowed the other side to win by a score of 23 to 11. It was a fast game. Noticeably quick work was done by Miss Ada Studt, '18, and also by Miss Effie Weseen, '18, who put up an efficient defense against the enemy.

This is the girls' basket-ball schedule:

Gunston Hall	Jan. 26.	At Gunston Hall
Nat'l Park Sem. <td>Feb. 22. <td>At Seminary </td></td>	Feb. 22. <td>At Seminary </td>	At Seminary
Colonial School <td>Feb. 27. <td>At Home </td></td>	Feb. 27. <td>At Home </td>	At Home
Geo. Wash. Univ. <td>Mar. 9. <td>At Home </td></td>	Mar. 9. <td>At Home </td>	At Home
Nat'l Park Sem. <td>Mar. 13. <td>At Seminary </td></td>	Mar. 13. <td>At Seminary </td>	At Seminary
Geo. Wash. Univ. <td>Mar. 17. <td>Cal. Met. Ch'ch </td></td>	Mar. 17. <td>Cal. Met. Ch'ch </td>	Cal. Met. Ch'ch

Miss Jean Wolverton, '19, has returned from a flying trip to her home in Kansas, occasioned by the death of her father.

Matthews, '21, also made a trip to the Canadian provinces, called there by the death of his grandmother. He returned unexpectedly last Friday evening.

Miss Miriam Flenner, '20, is still on a visit to her home folks in Pennsylvania.

The second basket-ball team had the pleasure of playing a game with the Maryland School, of Frederick, Maryland. In response to arrangements made by captain Heitzler, '19, the Maryland boys arrived in Washington by the auto route Saturday noon. The game that afternoon attracted a large crowd.

The result of the playing was a victory for the Scrubs, by a score of 33 to 31. During the first half, the home team held the other down, 18 to 8; but in the second half the victors nearly overtook us. Yes, those schoolboys are a spy bunch. Captain Heitzler had no chance to make another sixty-foot goal throw like that famous one he made last Christmas. The other players on the second team were: Deer, P. C., Shawl, P. C., Dobbins, '21, Houze, '21.

Miss Northrop entertained the ladies of the Senior Class at a tea-party Thursday afternoon.

It makes us feel homesick to see Moore, '18, at the breakfast table, with a morning paper in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other—"just like Dad."

Miss Gwin, '17, is nearing the end of her hospital confinement, and is expected to make her appearance among us very soon.

The Co-eds are playing ball in their own gym now, in the basement of New Fowler Hall. They had a game between picked teams last Saturday morning. The teams were captained by Misses Tredwell, '18, and Atkins, '19. Miss Weseen, '18, refereed with strictest impartiality. None of her decisions were questioned—players being too busy quarrelling among themselves to notice any of her decisions. After a lively scrimmage, the score stood 20 to 17—they forgot to tell us in favor of which team. Never mind.

Now, since you have begun to be interested in Co-ed basket-ball, we'll go on and say that the Rat girls intend to play the Fresh girls next Saturday morning. When all the lower classes finish their quarrels, the final winner will challenge the dignified Senior ladies. We bet on the Seniors.

Messrs. Schowe, '18, and Austin, '18, of Room 24, have just learned that there is not a corner in the room that they can call their own. One closet belongs to the S. N. D. C., the other to the basket-ball department; the desk belongs to the Buff and Blue, and the book-shelves to the Literary Society and the B. & B.; their beds belong to the O. H. Club, and their couch to the visiting alumnus; and the rest of their space, including the fireplace, belongs to the whole blamed college in general.

Heitzler, '19, want eight-eeling in New York City last week.

The threatened epidemic of Liberty measles seems to have receded, after catching only four of us in slight cases.

The O. W. L. S. Public Meeting took place Friday evening, instead of Saturday. To avoid conflict with the basketball game on Saturday, the O. W. L. S. managed to get the Literary Society to yield Friday evening to them.

The entertainment we witnessed is, we believe, the best we have seen of all O. W. L. S. performances. Especially commendable is the art shown by Misses Lewis, '21, Kan, '19, and Watts, '19, in their rendering of the tragic portion of the classic Greek play "Agamemnon." The emotional acting here displayed was quite wonderful for amateurs.

The following is the program in fall:—

READING—"Undine," Ethel Harold.
DECLAMATION—"The Court Lady," Margaret Kau.
Two Acts from "Agamemnon."

Cast:—
Clytemnestra.....Florence Lewis
Agasthus.....Margaret Kau
Electra.....Lulu Watts
DECLAMATION—"Comin' Thro' the Rye;" Ella Wilcoxson
ALLEGORY—"The Beauty of Piety" Queen of Beauty.....Reedna Olson
Flora.....Effie Weseen
Jewel.....Lula Watts
Chrysothe.....Ophele Boatwright
Oceanella.....Stella Maxwell
Aeria.....Mabel Perron
Piety.....Ruth Atkins
Pages.....Ruth Pennell, Mamie Wallace
Messengers.....Evelyn Tuck, Sara Jung.

BASE BALL.

When the call for base-ball candidates was sounded last week, twenty-six responded. All those, who were not on the basket-ball squad were put through preliminary indoor work for the past few days. The squad starts active practice on historic Garlic Field Monday, March 4th, rather early, but warranted by the unusual warm weather which we have been enjoying.

The prospects for a successful season are bright, as only two men of last year's team are missing—Marshall and Schlenker. Moreover, the new material is promising. Another factor, which warrants the building of air-castles, is the fact that the team has for its coach William Cooper, '08, one of the best ball players that ever wore a Gallaudet uniform. Only those who have seen Home-run Bill in action, fully appreciate what this will mean to the team.

The next dramatic spectacle for the future is the Saturday Night Dramatic Club performance—a Russian play, for partial benefit of the Edward Miner Gallaudet Fund. Next Saturday evening.

The final league game, and the final game of our basket-ball series, was a tame affair, wherein we used Maryland State College as a floor-mop. Score was 22 to 8 at the end of the first half, but after Ferguson, '19, had been substituted by Houze, '21, our score climbed up to 45—11. Hardly a man on the team did what was expected of him, in spite of the high score. We beat M. S. C. without greatest effort. Brilliant playing did appear in spots; but after it became evident that M. S. C. was bound to be beaten, very little interest in the game remained.

The real event of the evening was the other game in the double-header—the contest between Catholic and George Washington Universities for the championship of the league. After a thrilling finish, this game resulted in favor of G. W. U., by 27 to 25. Gallaudet ranks third in the league of four colleges—M. S. C. being lowest.

The line up in our final game of the season was: Ferguson, center; Capt. Willman, r. g.; Wilson, l. g.; Dohrmann, l. g.; Bouchard, r. f.; with Houze substituting Dohrmann at forward and Dohrmann for Ferguson at center. Of the field goals, Willman and Dohrmann caged eight each; Houze, 3; Wilson, 1; Ferguson, 1. The remaining three points of our score were made by Willman on foul throws.

Now, it is good-bye to basketball!

CHINESE INVASION OF AMERICA!

The American interior of our Gallaudet students was after the basket-ball game besieged and invaded by the Chinese in a chop suey joint on Ninth Street. Full forty corps of fine Gallaudet youths sank under the onslaught and got up late Sunday morning. Moore, '15, presided as toastmaster to toasts drunk in sugarless tea. A roaring good time was had by everybody.

[P. S.—According to Steve, '20, the chinks invaded Russia, too. Must be so, as we got a glimpse of our Bolshevik friend, Rosen, '21, among the forty feasters.] And now all of us are betting that chop-suey 4 tasted better than chow-main 29 A, or vice versa.

"WHAT IS EVERYBODY DOING TODAY?"

Burns, '19, is inhabiting the print-shop.

Pilliod, '19, is making fudge. Whitworth, '20, spends the day keeping his hair smoothed down.

Heitzler, '19, is burning the rails every few days between Washington and Baltimore.

Misses Maxwell, '21, and Tuck, P. C., are preventing weeds from growing on the road leading to the farm.

Schowe, '18, is wearing out the college typewriter with his editorials and miscellany.

Messrs. Guire, May, Rosen, and Frewing, of the Freshies' table, are doing more arguing than eating.

Misses Cole, '21, and Pennell, '21, can always be seen when there isn't too big a crowd in the way.

Miss Post, '20, spends her time watching the world out of her window.

Wilson, '20, is still chewing gum when not doing anything else.

The Rat girls are preparing for the examinations (three weeks off). The Co-eds are taking an inventory of all their clothes, to see what they can wear in the spring.

If you don't find Bouchard, '21, in his room, you can be sure he is upstairs teasing Messrs. Kannapel, '21, and Dobbins, '21.

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to Jesse A. Waterman, 344-345 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.

Over eighty members and friends of Rev. N. P. Uhlig, who served as pastor for six years for our Savior Lutheran Deaf-Mute Church, attended his farewell services in the little church at Crystal and Hoyne Streets, last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Uhlig bade his friends remain loyal to the church and give all assistance to the new minister who succeeds him. He said he had done his utmost, but ill health had made many inroads in his enthusiastic but strenuous work, necessitating a change to country air and new surroundings.

The conference of Lutheran bishops, selected Rev. Uhlig out of five contesting ministers to take charge of a small church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Pending the arrival of the new successor, Rev. Dahms of St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Reinke, who formerly served as pastor of the deaf, will take charge of the pulpit.

The members of the church presented Dr. Uhlig a purse of money to remind him of the love and esteem of his many friends. He left for the west last February 28th.

In the evening, following the numerous enlogiums paid the departing pastor, bountiful refreshments and coffee were served to the guests.

The literary committee of the Pas-a-Pas Club, appointed a week ago to map out a regular program for each literary meeting—once a month—were unable to reach all the prospective parties whom they plan to schedule for lectures, debates, etc., so that it was necessary to "draft" Dr. G. T. Dougherty last Saturday night to lead an impromptu program. He did not hesitate to accept. Being overstocked with an abundance of the world's current events, he chose "Alsace-Lorraine" as his topic. Judging by the rapt attention accorded him, Dr. Dougherty certainly selected an appropriate and interesting subject.

It will be remembered that Dr. Dougherty, Rev. P. J. Hasenstab and Rev. G. F. Flick, were appointed as delegates to the recent National League congress. The result of their efforts in behalf of the deaf will be eagerly looked for by many. In the course of his talk before the members of the P-a-P Club, Dr. Dougherty related some amusing incidents. He had the pleasure of taking a long "birds-eye" view of ex-President Taft, his former secretary of War, Jacob Dickinson, and many other notables. A young woman, president of a woman's club in Jackson, volunteered to interpret some of the important speeches of the noted men to Dr. Dougherty. Owing to the big crowd, the other delegates, Revs. Hasenstab and Flick, were in another part of the assembly hall.

Ladies and gentlemen: Meet Master James Boyer, Jr., who arrived last Monday, Feb. 25th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Boyer. The proud parents have another child—a daughter—so that their happiness is complete. Boyer doesn't regard it as an added burden even though he is only five feet and scarcely over 125 lbs.

Glenn Smith, who spent three years at the University of Notre Dame, is a legitimate 145-pound man, but recently consented to enter the 158-pound class to let a teammate win the 145-pound title. Giving away ten pounds to the man, Smith defeated three different middleweights that same evening and qualified for finals. Badly winded, he waited the call for the final, when a clerk ran up and said something orally. Smith is a Wright oral school graduate and considered an expert lip reader, but being tired he failed to catch the question. Thinking it to be the customary query as to his readiness to continue, he nodded. A few minutes later the referee announced the final results, among them, "Smith forfeits to McLennon," and before Smith could explain the mistake, the crowd had dispersed.

There was a "considerable pow-wow" with the final result, as Smith ranks second officially but gets first prize, a handsome gold-mounted shield. Faulty lip-reading cost the deaf boy a national championship! To be safe and sure, stick to the pad and pencil.

Some of our young boys have complained of the difficult phrases contained in the questionnaire which they were obliged to fill out so long as they were in the drafted class. One confessed giving some amusement when he came to this: "State any other language you speak." Answer: "Deaf and dumb language."

Mrs. Minnie Sullivan was in Milwaukee, Wis., last Tuesday, where she attended the funeral of a life-long friend, Mrs. Mary Knoblock.

Lester Mebane, a former Chicagoan, writing to a friend, says he is employed at Camp Meade, near Annapolis, Md., presumably as a carpenter.

Mrs. Jacob Heindold died on February 14th, and was buried Monday,

Feb. 19th. She was ill for several months. The members of Our Savior Lutheran Church, of which she was a devoted member, contributed a large wreath of beautiful flowers.

Chas. Kessler has written his friends in Chicago saying that he is now with the Silent Club of Miami, Fla., which is conducted on similar lines as the famous Pas-a-Pas Club. Here is hoping that he will not develop it into a "Noisy Club."

The writer has advance information that there will be at least four people who will embark on the sea of matrimony, but is not at liberty just now to reveal the names of the lucky nuptials. The happy events will occur this Spring.

Mrs. Ralph Conklin, the Misses Ferguson and Laura Bush, were guests at a luncheon given at the home of Mrs. George Sprague, on Marquette Road, last Thursday evening. Mrs. Conklin gave an exhibition of some new ideas in physical culture, which formed the chief entertainment of the afternoon.

F. P. Gibson, grand secretary of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, plans to make a flying business trip to Kansas City, where a new division, now in the making, needs his services as instructor in lodge work. With the date of the society's convention at Philadelphia drawing near, work in the headquarters has taken on "rapid fire" speed. To facilitate the rush, a young lady, daughter of deaf parents, has been employed as a stenographer and typist. Then there is Edward Rowse, the assistant secretary, making a big "drive" to dispose of an accumulation of queries about credentials, railroad rates, etc.

There are at least twelve candidates for the honor of serving as delegates at the convention. The Chicago division must select only two out of the list, and another meeting will be held to thresh out this perplexing problem. After they have been elected, the division plans to give a dance some time in May in order to raise funds for defraying the expenses of the delegates. At this minute I am as much in the dark as ever concerning names of lucky delegates.

Mrs. Fred Kaufman has taken an interest in politics, and a closer investigation revealed the fact that she is anxious to help her brother, Louis Hirsch, who is a candidate for alderman at large. He was nominated last week and is confident of winning at the polls March 19th. An impromptu card party was held at the All Angels' Parish House last Wednesday evening. There were over forty people down there—most of them devoting their time to reading and chatting in conformity with the Lenten season. After Easter there will be a resumption of the popular programs.

The boys of the Silent Athletic Club have sent a petition to Congressman Medill McCormick, urging him to use his good influence in pushing the passage of H. R. Bill 244, creating a bureau of the deaf in the Department of Labor. Other local organizations of Chicago have been asked to get up similar petitions, with the object of making an impression on the congressmen. The entertainment committee of the Pas-a-Pas Club and the Woman's Department announce a "Hard Times" party, in the Unity Building Saturday evening, March 16th. In reality this will be an entertainment observing St. Patrick's day, with green as the predominant color.

Two wrestlers, members of the Silent Athletic Club, secured second places in the national Y.M.C.A. amateur championships, held in Gary, Ind., recently. J. Frederick Meagher, who passed his prime ten years ago is still vigorous enough to render a good account of himself in the 115-pound class. He threw his man in the preliminary, but lost a decision in the finals, a bantam of 16 years having better wind than the already "fagged" 31-year-old veteran. Of all sports wrestling demands continued gameness and clean living, and in this respect the Impostor Chief is to be congratulated on his good showing.

The smokers of the Pas-a-Pas Club are sampling a brand of cigars "Lucky Winner," made by Paul Block, official cigarmaker of the Silent Athletic Club. The test of the weed will take at least ten days; they are pretty strong, though!

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.
Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Civil War Reminiscence.

Taken from The Nashville Enquirer, June 13th, 1895.

[Account of the late Capt. Jno. Q. Marr, the first Confederate soldier killed in the Civil War. His nephew, Thomas S. Marr, is a deaf-mute architect of considerable reputation.]

SKIRMISH AT FAIRFAX C. H., VIRGINIA.

On the morning of Saturday, about 5 o'clock, the sentinels of the Virginia troops, then in barracks at Fairfax Court House, were driven in by Company B, U. S. Cavalry, who swiftly followed them into the village. The enemy came by a side road, entering on the North, and the surprise of our troops was nearly complete. The darkness added greatly to the confusion, and by concealing the number of the attacking force, contributed to the embarrassment of our officers; for while it was their duty courageously to withstand any force which they might hope to resist, it was equally their duty not to expose their command to certain destruction.

The Virginia forces consisted of a company of Cavalry from Prince William, commanded by Capt. W. W. Thornton; company of cavalry from Rappahannock, commanded by Capt. J. S. Green; and a company of Rifles from Fauquier, known as the Warrenton Rifles, and commanded by Capt. John Q. Marr. Captain Thornton, with a portion of his command, was absent on a scouting expedition.

The Virginia Cavalry, having been informed by their scouts that the enemy was in overwhelming force, retired rapidly at his approach, and took no part in the subsequent action. The Prince William Cavalry retreated up the turnpike road to Centreville, hotly pursued with jeering cries, for a short distance, by the cavalry of the enemy. Lieut. Williams, of this company, refused to join in the retreat and on foot took part in the fight. The Rappahannock Cavalry retreated by the rear of the Court-house lot, in which they were quartered, across a field in which Capt. Marr's Rifles had been hastily formed in skirmishing order. As they fled they cried to the infantry to retreat, as the enemy's force numbered several thousand, rendering resistance hopeless. Their line of retreat was across the line of Marr's men, thus dividing them into two bodies. A detachment of the enemy's cavalry following in pursuit was challenged by Capt. Marr, who thus drawing the fire upon himself, fell, shot through the heart. They then continued the chase of our cavalry. While pursuing our horse companies the enemy received the fire of Marr's line.

In the uncertainty which existed, and missing the voice of their Captain, of whose fate, however, all were unaware, a portion of the Rifles obeyed the injunction to retreat, of which so zealous an example had been set them. They directed their course to an adjacent wood, and continued their march towards headquarters at Manassas Junction.

The whole burden of sustaining the fight thus fell upon a portion of the Rifles, numbering only 47 men, deprived of their Captain, and through accidental causes without their other commanders, save Lieut. Withers, a brave but young officer. Among the civilians who chanced to be spending the night at the seat of the action, was Ex-Gov. Wm. Smith. He encouraged the brave soldiers to stand their ground, assisted them to form in line of battle, and introduced to them Col. Ewell, of the Virginia army, who now arrived, and then took position with them and mingled in the fight. The Rifles cordially accepted the command of this distinguished officer, and fought through the battle under his orders.

Meantime the enemy, abandoning the pursuit of the Cavalry, had united their forces and were returning into the village by the turnpike road and from the West. Col. Ewell had marched his handful of men by the side of the road, though still sheltered by the enclosure within which they had first formed, and when the foe came in effective range, they poured into his ranks a fire so galling that he instantly retreated as he came.

The Rifles having again charged, their pieces were now formed in an oblique line across the road. Soon the hostile cavalry were heard returning to the charge, inspired with fresh determination to force their way into the village at all hazards. The increased light of the growing dawn, and the favorable position of the Riflemen, enabled them now to pour in a fire that instantly decided the struggle. Taking time only to gather up their wounded and their dead, which they did with great celerity, and before the Rifles could repeat their fire, the enemy retired, finally discomfited and appalled by their ruinous loss. They escaped, afterwards, by pulling down fences and crossing the fields.

Unfortunately, the victorious Riflemen were in no condition to reap the full advantage of their heroic achievement. Had our Cavalry but ceased their retreat when the pursuit of them was ended, and thus been in position to extend even their subsequent co-operation, the whole force of the enemy would have been inevitably captured. But a retreat is always difficult to arrest. Men

ordinarily are far less excited by danger than by the escape from it, and their panic often increases in proportion as their security is insured.

The actual strength of the enemy engaged in this encounter, is stated at eighty-six men. They were, however, United States Regulars, hardened and experienced by long service among the Indians of Texas, and splendidly equipped and mounted. The seeming audacity of their attack on a post occupied by a Cavalry force of about 150 men and a Rifle Company of 96 men, is explained in the statement that a sustaining force of two companies of Infantry had been provided, but lost their way, and thus failed of co-operation. This disadvantage, however, was compensated by the mistake as to their numbers made by our troops, and the consequent retreat of the whole of our Cavalry and half of our Infantry as above explained.

The loss of the enemy in killed, wounded and missing, was probably not under thirty. Fifteen or twenty were seen to fall, and to be caught up and placed on the horses under support of the arms of those who had escaped injury. It is said to be the custom of the U. S. Cavalry thus to bear off their dead and wounded. Of prisoners, notwithstanding the inability of our soldiers to make pursuit, five were taken. A number of pistols and other arms were found on the scene of conflict, and several horses were killed and as many taken.

On our side the only soldier who fell, was one whose loss is most deeply deplored. The gallant Captain Marr had greatly endeared himself to his company, who recognized in him a leader at once careful of their comfort and jealous of their honor. They loved and respected him, and were prepared to execute his orders and follow his lead with confidence and enthusiasm. By the separation of his company as already explained, both divisions remained in ignorance of his fall, each supposing that he was with the other; and it was only when the victors explored the battlefield by daylight, that their joy of success was replaced by the anguish of grief. Where their Captain had fallen, in that field of clover, and near the root of a cherry tree, there he lay, with one hand over the wound through which his spirit had escaped, the other arm extended upon the plain. There he lay, calm in the last sleep of a patriot hero. What higher meed of mortal praise can be given to man than belong to him? Nay, by what deed can a frail being best commend himself to the mercy of Heaven, than by that of which it must be said on earth and in Heaven, "he was doing his duty."

The gloom which shrouded the camp of the victors was swiftly extended as the tidings spread; and a large concourse attested the sorrow of the citizens of the beautiful town of Warrenton, in which the deceased had his home, when, on the next day, they tenderly consigned his remains to their last sleep in the village cemetery.

Col. Ewell, while proceeding to join the Riflemen, also received a slight wound in the arm, from a pistol ball. Besides these, no soldier on our side was harmed. The young heroes who, amid so many agitating and discouraging circumstances, fought their first battle with so much coolness against a greatly superior force of veteran regulars, were favored not only with a brilliant victory, but with a remarkable exemption from loss. The numerous balls which from rifles and revolvers had been sent among them, all wholly failed their errand save two.

Most Patriotic

The Newark Star-Eagle has the following, relating to the mother of Mrs. Simon (Ruth Bodenweiser) Hirsch. She is 76 years old and one of the speediest makers of helmets and wristlets in the state:—

"Honors of being one of the fastest and most patriotic of the fair old knitters of Jersey belong to Mrs. Amelia Bodenweiser, 24 Cypress Street, Newark."

"She has specialized in knitted helmets and wristlets, at which she has become an expert. Although seventy-six, she can make a helmet in a day and can complete a pair of wristlets in less time. She mingles her time with sewing and knitting for United Sam's boys, among whom are three of her grandsons, of whom she is justly proud. They are Roland and Ralph Bodenweiser, brothers, of Trenton, and Elias Bodenweiser, of East Orange. They are officers and are aspiring for commissions to higher posts."

"Mrs. Bodenweiser has supplied them with knitted headwear and helmets and has done a good share for others through the Red Cross. Last summer she knitted many articles for men in service, and since then has specialized in winter wear for them. Her daughters, no less patriotic, are knitting sweaters for the fighters."

"The aged knitter is among the many who wishes a speedy end of the war. Her sympathy is with down-trodden Belgium."

The gum of the Mexican chicle tree is valuable as the basis for most chewing gums, for the reason that it is absolutely tasteless and therefore does not affect the flavor of other ingredients mixed with it.